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Circulars dealing in part with the ascent of man...

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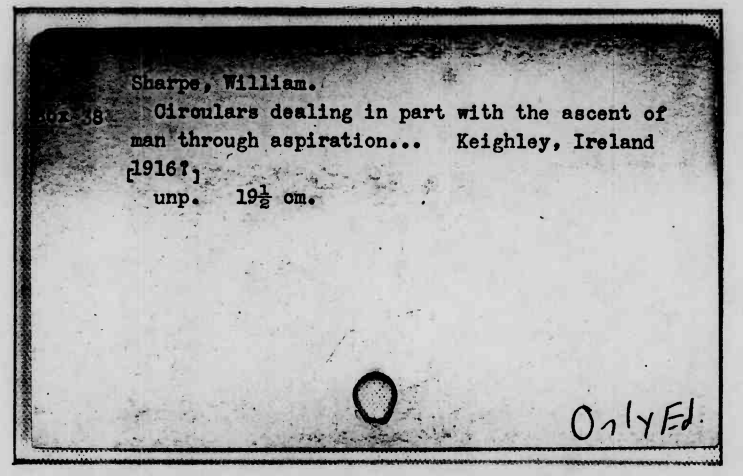

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CIRCULARS

DEALING IN PART WITH THE

ASCENT OF MAN THROUGH ASPIRATION

AIDED AND GUIDED BY EXPERIENCE AND THE COMPULSION OF CIRCUMSTANCE AS REGARDS BOTH THE INDIVIDUAL AND THE COMMUNITY AS A WHOLE, ON THE LONG ROAD OF HUMAN EVOLUTION.

Forwarded with the Author's respects to Literati, Artists, Thinkers and Savants.— W.S.

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR BY
MESSRS. WADSWORTH & Co.,
THE RYDAL PRESS,
KEIGHLEY.

WM. SHARPE, M.D.

40 Ophir Gardens
Chichester Park
Belfast

March 1916.

1916

Circular Letter of Explanation and Apology.

In sending out some circular excerpts from my writings to draw attention to their merits or otherwise, some explanation or apology was needed from one of a different profession, who had received no previous qualifying literary education, and who besides had firmly made up his mind not to attempt anything in the line of literature. In taking this resolution perhaps he was influenced by the remembrance that in his childhood days he had received a stern injunction from an otherwise indulgent grand parent, on the occasion of his having, at the age of five or six years, attempted some boyish rhyme, for which he got in return neither praise or reward, but a decided threat of chastisement if he attempted the like again. Now, as to this early parental injunction, the writer came in later years to see the force, insight and wisdom thereof.

However, it would be unwarrantable on my part to trespass on the time and patience of readers to go into details of the why or wherefore I did not adhere to my previous resolution, but suffice it to say that time and circumstances and the old proverbial "bee in the bonnet" decided otherwise. Perhaps India, that glorious land of the sun, in which, strangely enough, I found myself, had also much to do in the matter. Be this as it may, other equally strange and unexpected happenings played an important part. But a study of Darwin's "Origin

Also heredity as regards psychic matters may count, being descended from an old Scotch family of the Alexanders remarkable for the Gifts "Second Sight," dreams and reasons, &c. — W.S.

of Species" and the writing of a small work thereon, was the preliminary to my later efforts in the way of literature. However, having got through at intervals with my work, I learned that if I wished my writings not to be overlooked, perhaps after I had passed hence, I must send out some excerpts in the way of circulars to bring them before the public and to prevent also their being altered and perverted. To me the undertaking was most distasteful, but could not well be postponed much longer, especially when one has got fairly well into the "Seventies."

In conclusion, I may state that from prose to poetry was but a step, which also unexpected happenings led directly to my first effort in verse making, namely, "The Soldiers' Cemetery," written at Khandalla, after the interment of two young soldiers at that strikingly romantic place on the Poona Ghauts. So I got fairly started on a career, which, however congenial and irrespective of priceless compensations, brought with it much trouble and anxiety that otherwise might altogether have been avoided.

WILLIAM SHARPE, M.D.

CIRCULAR.

The Sons of Greater Albion made up of that mighty mingled Race of the Motherland, her Colonies and the great Republic of the West, the United States, the mutual combining of which hereafter is destined to give a lasting peace to the world at large. The following lines, extracted from the poem of "Humanity and the Man" give as it were a vision of that long threatening world-fight now upon us with unexpected suddenness. Written about sixteen years ago, but not a vision in the sense of Seership, rather a calculation from the signs of the times and the increasing Mammonism of the world at large. Yet the writer at times has had many strange prophetic dream-visions, seen months and even years before any apparent fulfilment took place. Such as vast meteoric bodies in connection with the sun, which seemed obscured by dark spots. Long before the cession of Cyprus and the rule of Egypt to England, looking east from the Mediterranean, the crescent moon was seen to fall from a murky sky, and where it fell the sun of morning rose, i.e., the Sun of England, fraught with the promise of a glorious day, not yet at its meridian tower. But there will be ere long a final and greater W[illegible] fulfilment when the [illegible] flag flies over Co[illegible] Stamboul

The Sons of Albion.

(Reprinted from "Humanity and the Man,"—Revised Edition.)

By WILLIAM SHARPE, M.D.
Surgeon (Retired) Army Medical Department.)

Meanwhile the agencies at work essay
To sap the base of Civilisation's Tower
And with it hurl from its high pinnacle
So hardly raised Humanity itself.
Even now it seems to totter imminent,
A mighty ruin to its centre mined.
Around it tempests rave; conflicting waves
Uprolled, advance as on abyssmal deeps,
Converging with destruction fraught and doom,
Until encountering with resistless shock,
Each whelmeth each, and mingling passeth on.
And now they saw that in the hazy West
And East alike such tempest waves had risen,
And threatening, bore right down upon each other.
The Eastern tide advancing mightier seemed
Yet all invincible and more compact.
The West advancing like a deluge swept
Resistless on, whelming all obstacles;
The elements in opposition raged,
And globes of fire and fiery meteors burned
Or stream-like shot along the lurid sky,
The trembling earth responding heaved and moaned
As though she felt an inward agony.
But gathering clouds of murky vapour soon
In darkness undistinguishable hid
The wild commotion and the rage alike.
Of storming elements and nations met
In conflict fierce to drain the cup of wrath.
But soon emerging from the fight were seen
The conquering sons of mighty Albion,
Whose mystic symbol is the rising sun,
Afar as yet from its meridian tower,
When it shall light the nations of the earth;
For nursed and cradled in their island homes,
Struggling through centuries were they prepared
To hold the reins of sovereignty
And destined with their kindred o'er the seas—
The citizens of great Columbia
And all the lands beneath the Southern Cross—
To rule the nations and engraft their laws
Upon all peoples, sending rulers forth
And princely founders of Imperial states
With truth and honour as their grand ideal;
Right worthy men to rule in equity,
Inspiring confidence in all alike,
With tact and judgment and that kindliness
That softens justice and that seeks to rule
Rather by love than terror of the sword.
No propagators of a special "faith,"
But tolerant upholders of all Truth
Wherever found in systems old or new;
And patrons of the learning of the East
Long hidden from the people of the West:
Bound by no creed but human brotherhood,
The One religion of humanity,
That all may hold, till all allied by blood
Regard each other as one family
Of kindred nations with one common tongue—
The tongue of Shakespeare, Milton and the bards,
That came to fix the language of the world!

Pre-eminently the language of the world, for the English language and the civilising influence of the Anglo-Saxon race, in the way of high racial integrity, are destined to be the chief factors in the up-lifting and higher education of the nations at large, and in days to come, in the gradual amalgamation of all the greater races of mankind.

A VISION OF THE WAR—AND PEACE.

Quite apart from prophecies of a specially psychic or occult nature, there were not wanting forecasts of the great war in the literature of preceding years. A striking instance is seen in the poems of Dr. William Sharpe, whose name will be known to many of our readers as the writer of "The Dual Image" and "The Conqueror's Dream." Dr. Sharpe, who is a retired army surgeon, and has spent many years in India and Canada, now resides in Ireland.

In "Humanity and the Man," written some sixteen years ago, Dr. Sharpe drew a vivid picture of the coming world-conflict, the result of agencies that sought

> To sap the base of Civilisation's tower
> And with it hurl from its high pinnacle,
> So hardly raised, Humanity itself.

After depicting the tumult and chaos, the wild commotion of

> nations met
> In conflict fierce to drain the cup of wrath
> The measure-full by grasping Mammon brewed,

the poet proceeds to tell "how the conquering sons of mighty Albion" achieved their destiny.

It was theirs in company with their kindred race on the American continent to bring about the realisation of that old dream of the world—human brotherhood.

In "The Conqueror's Dream," a like vision is set forth—a world-war:—

> So dreadful was the noise and turmoil that
> It seemed as if the end of things had come,
> And ancient night with chaos reigned once more.
> Then all again grew still, in silence hushed,
> And in the East there dawned, uprising slow,
> A rosy blush, a tinge of golden light,
> The herald sure of a more glorious morn,
> A time of peace.

Again, in "The Dual Image," Dr. Sharpe is moved to prophesy of a mighty catastrophe due to "the 'whelming force of evil will and thought," but he finds in the great (imagined) disaster—as others have found since it actually came upon us—that it is "a drastic medicine for a dire disease."

A further short sketch of the world fight from the closing lines of the "Conqueror's Dream."

He ceased and straightway all grew dark as night,
And instantaneous there on every side
Uprose the clank of chains and clash of steel;
The din of ordnance and the tramp of horse;
Comingled with the ringing battle cry
Of hosts uniting in the shock of war.
Low thunders moaned, reverberating wide,
Wave after wave of earthquake swept the land,
The mighty towers to their foundation swayed.
So dreadful was the noise and turmoil that
It seemed as if the end of things had come,
And ancient night with chaos reigned once more.
Then all again grew still, in silence hushed,
And in the East there dawned, uprising slow,
A rosy blush, a tinge of golden light,
The herald sure of a more glorious morn,
A time of peace. And so the vision passed.

W.S.

A Vision of the Saxon Race.

(*Selected from "The Dual Image," Book ix.*)

By Wm. Sharpe, M.D.

It is a "law" that nature still deprives
Those who delight in wanton cruelty,
Untouched by sympathy for others pain,
Of that true valour that with mercy goes.
For cowardice and cruelty are joined,—
A law of nature needful, for indeed
Were it not so the brute would rule the world,
To the destruction of the world in time.

A Royal Race indeed, whose origin
Lies shrouded in the darkness of the past.
'Tis only known they travelled west and came
From other lands to occupy the North.

. . . . . .

Rough warriors, but full of sympathy,
With tender hearts wherein their greatness lay;
A noble trait which they bequeathed in full
Unto their progeny in after years.
The grandest heritage they could receive,
For in it lay the secret of their power
And marked them out for sovereignty,
Fittest to rule, a blessing to the world;
Their mystic motto,—hearts and lions joined!
So took they ship and sailed into the North
And founded homes and sailed again and came
Unto an island by report well known;—
A fertile island lying to the west
And often touched on in their voyaging.

. . . . . .

Here did they multiply and overflow,
A mingled race whose mighty progeny
In after years, were destined to become
A sovereign people, ruling sea and land:—
A mingled race, the Anglo-Saxons named,
Or Saxons simply who had wandered here,
Pilgrims of fate impelled to find their home,
Decreed of old, where they should multiply:—
A sea-girt island big with destiny,
Long by the Roman from the Tiber ruled,
A place apart set in the Northern Sea,
Which now before the Traveller and his Guide
Uprose a moment through the mist of time;
A glorious vision of a glorious land,
The home of learning and true liberty,

And mighty centre of the world's exchange;
A royal State, the growth of centuries;
For where the Roman ruled the Saxons grew
And multiplied and sent their colonies
To distant lands, embracing every clime;
A company of nations with one tongue,
Alike by blood and interest allied,
True sons of Thor and wielders of his power,
Whose mighty fleets and armaments became
The envy and the wonder of the world.
But long the struggle in their island-homes
With marsh and fen and jungle waste, besides
A war of centuries with their own kin,
And with the many enemies that rose
To crush them wholly, till in later years
An Uncrowned King, the sturdy Commoner,
Cromwell, renowned in leadership and war,
Attained to power and laid the basis sure
Of Saxon greatness and supremacy.
And after him as though indeed to guard
And add thereto, a band of men appeared,
Broad-minded men of world-wide sympathies,
Fit legislators of a mighty realm,
Leaders of men, renowned for eloquence
Unrivalled in the history of states,
Here now alike in common council met,
The sons of Britain and her sister Isle—
The Sacred Isle, the home of mythic lore,
The Land of Song, of Minstrels, and the Harp
So famed of old. in Erin's history:
And greater still than all—the Land of Hearts,
Impulsive love that knows no formal mode,
And then auspiciously as if to mark
The glorious advent of a grander time,
A Queen arose, Victoria well named,
Greatest of sovereigns of the "Order New,"
Her sway extending to the utmost isles,
Encircling all the habitable globe.
A Royal Lady whose long reign benign
Outran the period 'tween the old and new;
Around whose life should cluster memories
To find a voice in epic narrative
In far off days of that Victorian Age
When she, a kind and gentle lady, ruled,
No haughty monarch of a bygone time,
Regardless of the common weal or woe
But as a mother full of sympathy.
Who loved her people and was loved by them,
And, in affection linked with her, her son
Succeeding her a kindly hearted prince,
Edward, the Genial and the well-beloved,
Shall likewise in the nation's memory live,
But marred by dying creeds of olden days

The Ideal Woman.

An ideally perfect humanity, originated by or through per Saltum Evolution, and wrought out by Nature's law of "Selection" under the direction of mind, cosmic and individual.

Selections from "The Dual Image"—the Artist's Poem—by Dr. William Sharpe, touching the embodiment of the future Ideal Woman, now in process of evolution—the necessary culmination of physical perfection as attained to and embodied in the Womanhood of Ancient Greece, and due to aspiration stimulated by the inspiring influence and reaction of the works of the Greek Artists on the people as set everywhere before them in that Ancient classic land:

And now from the Olympian heights there came
The bright one in his father's likeness made,—
Divine Apollo, son of mighty Zeus,
Revealer of his glory unto men.
A shepherd once who tended to his flocks
But trained besides, of greater moment still,
In all the arts and the accomplishments
So needful to the progress of mankind;
Who taught them, master of the lyre himself,
Divinest measures, poetry and song:
And yet withal the mighty bow could bend
And throw the spear, a hero and a prince!
Hence was he chosen as the grand Ideal
Of manly beauty, grace and symmetry,
Whose statues hewn in Parian stone became
A standard for the sculptors of all time.
And with him as their leader came a train
Of many Nymphs, a banded sisterhood—
The Muses Nine on mount Pierus bred,
His delegates appointed to instruct

Those whom the genius of the god inspired
With visions of ideal loveliness,
That they the same should make available
For the instruction of the multitude,
Whether embodied as in works of art,—
In painting and in snow-white statuary,
Or flowing numbers, rhythmic dance and song
With harp and voice, divinest harmonies
Of sound and motion, colouring and form,
Now everywhere before the people set,
In city, temple, park and grove alike,
But chiefly on the great Athenian stage,
Where danced the maidens to the merry lute
With sylph-like step, as though they trod on air
To nature's pulsing in her gayest mood,
Their lithesome movements to the measure timed,
Entranced beholders with the harmony
Of rhythmic motion that at every turn
The peerless beauty of their forms displayed:
The stage, devoted to the Muses' art,
The home itself of dance and song, besides
A rostrum and the school pre-eminent
Of all the people where the Prophet Bards
Set forth in plays and tearful tragedies
Their moral lessons of the right and wrong,
The laws of retribution and reward
And fate and chance and human destiny.
And fairer, too, than Artemis and all
The banded Nymphs, the Queen of Love herself
Was seen of mortals as a kilted maid,
A dazzling vision, walking on the hills
Of wooded Ida where she loved to roam:
The Queen of Love who in the dawn of time
Appeared upon the bosom of the deep,
Worshipped and known by many titled names:
Now Aphrodite by the Grecians called,
Who rose, they said, from out the foamy wave
And took her place among Olympians
In Attic dress to suit the Greek Ideal,
Less serious now, but not less beautiful,
But more so; for in her the Artist's dream
Of loveliness was more than realized,
Which they for ages laboured to express
From rude beginning rising step by step,
Working with nature and excelling her,
Their work, with innate inspiration fraught,
Reacting ever on the multitude
Till plastic nature, moulding from within,
With subtle force, the mental impulse caught,
And with a bound all human art surpassed;
For Aphrodite stepped upon the hills
In flesh and blood, as Queen of Love,* beyond
All power of art to equal or portray
In sculptured stone, in painting or in words.
Yet now, in her new dress, in part deprived
Of her great office of maternity
By Royal Heré who succeeded her,
Not wholly, for she could not be deposed,
Who reigns for ever in the hearts of men—
She and her child, the winsome Eros, who
Still shot his arrows as his mother willed:—
Less serious than the Conquering God of old—
Horus, the Prince of Royal Isis born,
Who quelled full soon the Dragon of the deep.
Less serious now but still a conqueror
With power to break the thunderbolts of Zeus:
For love is stronger, mightier than "law,"
Being the force that builds the universe.

—*The Dual Image, Book VII.*

And chief of all these grand Ideal types
Was nature decked in bridal robes and wed
To her young lord, the genial Sun of Spring,
Or widowed, mourning in her wintry garb,
Bereft of him, her light of life and joy.
With whom she wandered by the rippling streams
Though verdant lawns and woods by zephyrs fanned
Rapt in the bliss that love alone can know;
Or as the goddess Ops or Cybelé
The mighty mother of both gods and men,
Or fruitful Ceres of the golden hair
Who mourned her daughter, lost Persphoné,
Whose robe was rent upon the flowery mead
When gathering flowers of which she was despoiled,
Her rich blooms taken by the gloomy God,
Who bore her with him to his dusky realms;
But yet not wholly in those realms to dwell

*A standard type for embodied Greek maidenhood.

But in the spring permitted to return,
A girl again upon the flowery meads
Gladding her mother who disconsolate
Had sought her wandering over land and sea.

The Dual Image, book VII, on Ancient Greece.

And with these also from the deep emerged
The Queen of Beauty on a lotus borne,—
The Queen of Love and beauty both in one
For ever and inseparably joined;
Here rendered manifest in outward form
The flower of evolution and the end
For which the Universe itself exists,—
The crowning work through many aeons wrought,
To be the home of spirit and a light
And focus of attraction still to draw
Humanity as round a central sun.,
Compelling worship and evoking love
Till men attain unto the mystery
Of mysteries the Image of the God,
Immortal love made manifest in form.

—*The Dual Image*, book IV., on India.

The Soldiers' Cemetery.*

Kandalla—Poona—Ghauts, India.

By William Sharpe, M.D.
Surgeon (retired) British Army.

DID chance select, or hand of genius mark,
Or wide-controlling destiny decree
This fairest resting place of those that were
And are, though from our mortal ken withdrawn?
The lone Alastor wand'ring 'mid the wilds
And barren rocks of frowning Caucasus
Found not a grave 'mong scenes more wonderful
Than those that lie in striking grandeur round
Khandalla's hill-encircled cemetery!
The mould'ring forms, erewhile instinct with life,
That now within its hallowed precincts sleep
Were they once Nature's gentle worshippers,
That thus before their silent tombs she spreads
With lavish hand her richest drapery?
On either side uneven mountains rise
In quaintly varied and fantastic shapes
Of spire and dome and minaret and tower,
Colossal heads and sentinels and forts
Where dwell the gnomes who keep the wealth of Ind
In secret mines and treasure vaults, ablaze
With diamond, ruby, emerald and gold,
With sapphire, topaz, and the many gems
That shine and sparkle in the magic light,
Diffused around in that dim under-world.
Primeval forest clothes the deep ravines;
And trailing creepers in profusion hang
Their draping garlands from the arching boughs,
Till flower and spray and foliage combine
To form a noonday shade, a cool retreat
By crystal fountain, rock or elfin mound,
The chosen haunts of many a sylvan queen.

---

*My first literary effort written at the above in the middle "Seventies," where two young soldiers dying of cholera were buried, the poem being published then in the "Bombay Gazette."

Cascades, when storm and drenching rains prevail,
In foaming torrents from the uplands rush,
Or fall abrupt with hoarse resounding din,
Their hollow thunder ever rolling on
With solemn swell and filling all the air
As though they sang eternal requiem,
For ever mourning by the tomb of youth,
In life's gay morn from love and beauty called.
In concert, too, from yew or evergreen,
The jetty whistler* of the steep prolongs
Its strangely sad and melancholy strain,
So plaintive yet so careless and resigned,
As if withal, oblivious of the past,
It reck'd not now nor aught of sorrow knew,
Or knowing, only dimly feels the weight
Of pain and loneliness that once oppressed
And tinges still its querulous refrain
With haunting reminiscences of woe!
While far beyond the towering hills and peaks
That stand so clear between the earth and sky,
Spreads, mirror-like, reflecting light and shade,
A shining inlet of the Indian Sea;
Its waters, now with mimic flame aglow
And painted in the hues of evening, send
The gilding beams of the departing sun
Athwart the green mounds of the cemetery
Where lie the relics of the risen dead,
Like rays of hope, that ever seem to say
There is no death, but only change of state!
Ye came in turn from out the great "Unseen"
To gain experience on this outward sphere;
Then fret not for the earthly vehicle,
The instrument that nature here assigns
That each may learn the riddle of life within
The inner chambers of the mystic shrine,
But trust what yet for you, on divers planes
Is ever being through cycles vast evolved,
Through periods dim of mighty ebb and flow—
The rhythmic beatings of Eternity,
Controlled by love's necessitous impulsion!

*A bird of the thrush family—the blackbird of India. Is said to sing over the lair of the tiger, and there are such lairs in the deep gorge beneath the cemetery.

The Palm Groves.*

Parel, Bambay,

(An excerpt from "The Palm Groves," &c.)

IN the dimming light of evening,
By the water's haunted margin,
Rise the palm groves, grand and gloomy,
Waving weirdly in the twilight,
Sighing sadly in the night-mind;
To the ocean's wail responding
As they chant their lonely vespers
O'er the spectres and the shadows,
O'er the graves of the departed,
O'er the bones of the forgotten—
Bleaching bones that strew the sea-beach
From the faithless sands uplifted.
Full of awe and full of sadness
Is their moaning in the twilight,
O'er the flitting ghosts and shadows,
O'er the human bones that whiten,
Wasting, mould'ring on the sea-shore.

What a language in their waving!
What a history in their singing!—
Tales of ages, dim, uncertain,
Long before the glacial epoch
When uncouth primeval monsters
Wandered by the Arctic ocean,
By the melancholy waters
In the forests of the north-land.

In the dark of distant ages,
Ere man was they sang his coming:
For for him were they created.
Now they sing the past and present—
How they taught earth's infant races,

*My second literary effort, written in middle "Seventies" at Colaba, Bombay. and published then in "The Times of India."

How they for their wants provided,
How they gave them in abundance
Cooling drink and food and shelter.

Lovely date palms, bending downwards,
Proudly, showed their tempting clusters;
Saying, "Take them, they are for you,
For you only have we grown them."
Feathery cocoas, waving gently,
Pointed to their laden bosoms,
Pointed to their nuts and fibres,
Pointed to their sheathing network
Wrapt around them like a garment:
Hinted to them, "Do as we do,
Take our fibres twist them neatly,
Work them into pliant cordage,
Work them into woven textures,
They will serve for many uses."

. . . . . .

Thus the nations were instructed
In the rudiments of knowledge,
In the principles of progress:
But they sang in riddles darkly,
Sang in accents deep and thrilling,
From the worldly crowd concealing,
To a chosen few revealing,
Other secrets, greater, grander,—
Of a higher life hereafter,
Of the teaching of the spirit,
Of the harmonies of nature,
Of the source of strength and beauty
Of deformity and weakness.

WILLIAM SHARPE, M.D.,
Surgeon (retired) British Army.

The Fight of Indra.

Selected from The Dual Image, book IV., on India.

BY DR. WILLIAM SHARPE.

So at their sacrifice the Soma drink,
They poured to Indra with unstinted hand,
What time the Serpent, Ahi and his Crew,
The evil demons of the drought had robbed
Them of their kine and hid them in their forts
And prayed him to do battle with the fiends.
So poured they then to Indra at the feast
Who, thus entreated from the banquet rose,
And frowning, braced him for the fight and took
His Golden Armour and encased therein,
Brought forth his steeds and hitched them to the pole.
And mounting on his chariot shook the reins
And urged his team till fleeter than the winds,
With head thrown back and streaming hair he sped
With all his weapons—flaming bolts and spears—
Hard by his side in readiness to cast.
Dark grew the air! and terrible the din!
The premonitions of the coming strife;
For with the onrush of his thundering car
The Earth shook and the Heavens around him reeled.
Nor drew he rein, nor paused he in his course,
But fleeter still and fleeter drove his team,
Till meeting Ahi on the mountain laired
He rushed upon him instant with his spear
And single handed pierced him through and through.
And then the Maruts coming to his aid;
The mighty battle on the hills began;
For all the fiends were roused to action now
With Vala, demon keeper of the "cave,"
Who barred the entrance as with adamant,
Till Mighty Indra hurled his flaming bolts
And rent the rocks and brought them crashing down
And cleared a pathway for the lowing kine;
Then told the Maruts quick to lead them forth,
While he, the demons routed with his spear
Or tossed them headlong from the rocky heights;
And louder raged the battle, and the noise
Of Conflict rose commingled with the din
Of falling rocks and crashing trees uptorn.

The breaking of the South-west Monsoon upon the hills in India. W.S.

With rushing waters pouring down the hills
As though the elements had been let loose
And utilized to fight against the fiends.

* * * *

Such were the fanes and royal palaces
Created by the Artizans of Ind,
With patient toil by order of their kings;—
Created for their princes and their Gods;
Yet rather for the world and for themselves,
Their children and the peoples then unborn:
For in those fair creations the result
Of Centuries of labour, they were taught
To venerate and love the Beautiful—
The Beautiful where art and nature vie,
Where both in harmony together blend
Uplifting man as by a magic spell!
And dull the mortal that could not discern
The wealth of beauty in those fair domains.
Well might enraptured visionaries dream
Of Paradise on seeing earth so fair!

* * * *

And so for centuries throughout the land
The two extremes of light and darkness met.

* * * *

And so, it thus for centuries remained
Despite reformers and the Moslem power,
Till in late years the Anglo-Saxons came
So unforeseen from out the Western Isles
To rule the land as though it were decreed;
For more momentous than the pomp of rule
And wealth of Ind, they came indeed to make
Themselves the masters of her ancient lore,—
A priceless treasure needed by the West,
To bring them learning and philosophy,
Which when collated and restated there,
In light of evolution,—and the laws
Of spirit life in later times made known,
Will then in turn react upon the East
And mark an era in the life of Ind
For guided by an over-ruling Power,
The light will shine dispelling ignorance.

* * * *

Till India, as in days of old becomes
A land of light and teacher of the world.

The Passing of Isis.

Selected from the Dual Image Book VI., on Ancient Egypt.

By Dr. WILLIAM SHARPE.

And further too, objectively was shown
The life immortal of the Soul apart
From cumbrous matter on the earthly plane,
In which the wise men of the nations learned
The wisdom of the sages of old time;
Which they returning to their people taught
To others till the light of Egypt spread
Through every land illuminating men,
Ere yet the sceptic and the scoffer came
With the invader and the infidel
To quench it at its centre on the Nile,
Involving in one common ruin all
Its regal fanes and temple-palaces.
And thus the light of Egypt was preserved
In other lands still guarded by the "wise"
That else had been in dismal darkness lost,
For now indeed the time was nigh at hand
When Isis from her ancient home must stray,
Abandoning her temples on the Nile.
Those gorgeous fanes where still the radiant light
Of morning in a flood of glory burst,
Bewildering through pillared halls and all
The tinted courts and tessalated floors:
Where still was heard to greet the rising sun,
The matin-hymns of white-robed hierophants;
And where too, in the hallowed light of eve
The choral music of the vespers thrilled
The worshippers till twilight drew the veil,
And solemn silence brooded o'er the scene!
And now full soon the fateful time drew nigh
When Isis from her temples must depart,
Ejected from her home upon the Nile.
And premonitions of the change appeared—
Strange portents, voices, spectral visitants
Oppressing men with bodings of unrest,
And vague presentiments of coming woe.

'Twas said, her statues had been seen to weep
And many from their places were removed,
And sobs and wailings issued from the crypts
And mingled even with the vesper hymns;
And also later in the night was heard
A choral chant by choirs invisible,—
A parting hymn, sublime and exquisite,
That with its cadence flooded all the place,
Till passing hence, it in the distance died
In softest murmurs like a whispering wind!
And oftimes too at midnight hour, was seen
About the temples in their priestly robes,
A spectral host that in procession moved
Amid the courts, through halls and corridors;
And Nile-ward thence along the avenues
Through lines of sphinxes on their pedestals,
And underneath those frowning idol gods,
The solemn guardians of those mighty shrines,
So weird and awful in the midnight hour;
Collossal statues seated and upright,
Clad with the radiance of the mystic moon,
That with the glamour of her light and shade
Transformed them into ghostly shapes, that seemed
As spectral as the spectral host that passed
Beneath them with their goddess to the Nile,
Where draped in sable lay the royal barge
Along the wharf in readiness equipped
To bear her hence the wanderer once more.
Which, hardly had the ghostly pageant reached
Than all the deck with bustle was astir;
Then rose a cry with splash of oars and lo!
The sable bark was speeding on its way;
And then the pageant into air dissolved
And all was silent save the moaning wind
And lonely water washing on the shore!
Such were the premonitions that foretold
The passing hence of Isis from her home,
Where she for ages upon ages dwelt,
A goddess worshipped by the multitude,—
Their chief ideal of redemptive love,
Having her type in nature with her child,—
In nature with her child Humanity,
Her latest offspring from the Beast transformed
To Beauty in the human form divine!

THE WORLD OF CAUSES IS THE THOUGHT-WORLD.

NATURE'S ELIMINATION OF THE UNFIT.

Selected from "The Dual Image," Book III, on Ancient Chaldea.

By WILLIAM SHARPE, M.D.

Thus ugly demons carved in stone and placed
In effigy by doors and window sills
Were efficatious held to guard the house
From all intrusion of those wicked fiends,
Who seeing themselves in effigy take flight
In horror of their own deformity.
A doubtful plan but based upon a truth
By sages taught—that evil flees itself,
Affrighted at its own embodiment
To seek amendment through the knowledge gained.

* * * * * *

So wedded are they to their sorceries
And idol-worship, which, increasing still,
Will culminate hereafter in the fanes
Of Mighty Babylon, the noted home
Of every infamous and evil thing.
There will it grow till utter ruin whelms
The guilty city and her habitants,
A ruin, not the work of fiends without
Or accident, but the result of "law,"
The nemesis that evil overtakes,
The work alone of that destructive force,
The deadly influence of evil minds,—
The whelming force of evil Will and Thought
In millions wholly given up thereto,
Accumulating in the Astral Sphere.
This evil power unbalanced by the Will
Of noble minds by love of right impelled,
Woeful disaster on disaster brings
In wild upheavals of society
Disruption, internecine war and feud;
Derangement even of the elements,
That sweep with cataclysmal violence
As though some god impelled them in his rage,
Or nature laboured to cast off the slough
Of some foul gangrene that her visage marred;
For when a people so corrupt become,
That all their thoughts are unto evil turned,
The earth itself in anguish spues them out.

Showing how nations fall from within and become extinct. Not even ten true men being found for whom to stay the fury of the elements — W.S.

Comments on the Conqueror's Dream*

A POEM.

By WILLIAM SHARPE, M.D.

The Conqueror's Dream was written in India in the seventies; was then published in part in the "Bombay Gazette," the publication being discontinued when the poem began to deal forcibly with the evils arising out of excessive mammon-worship then as now prevalent. To continue its publication would not check the evils complained of but rather alienate many readers. Hitherto for obvious reasons the rich and ruling classes resented all such teaching as the poem contains, whilst the middle classes, kindly-hearted people on the whole, preferring a quiet life, disliked any unsettling jeremiads on the evils of the society of which they formed a part. On the other hand the democratic masses, if a revolution arose, disliked the idea of being forced to submit to the rule of an autocratic master of the stern Cromwellian type, called forth, as it were, in the nick of time, to save the nation from a worse fate; from a devastating state of prolonged anarchy. No doubt a drastic medicine for a dire disease.

Perhaps the time is now ripe for a more correct view to be entertained by all classes; for we have indeed at the present time many influential writers in the cause of peace and reform declaring that mammon-worship and exploitation of the masses in all manner of ways must come to an end, and are, in

* Showing how nations fall and how the "fall" may be averted by the timely advent of one strong man attaining to absolute power.

fact, turning to the United States, which, after reforming themselves will try and effect a moral conquest of Europe.

Now the Conqueror's Dream, years ago, showing how nations retrogress and fall, and how the fall may, at times, be averted, instead of being banned, as it has been, ought long since to have been made a text book in schools for the education of young people in the "laws of life" and true living as the only saviours of Humanity from countless ills and life-long slavery.

So the people cry out now, as of old: "Prophesy unto us smooth things and we will reward thee well."

And so:—

> They will not have their wonted peace disturbed
> By ~~any~~ startling pessimistic prophecies.
> All outward signs of hollowness must still
> Be varnished o'er until the ruin burst.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> For each and all who in a free land rob—
> Whether direct or by the law empowered—
> Are sowing thus the seeds of future wars
> And laying the basis of a one-man-rule.
> It needs must be when force and fraud are rife,
> And evil rampant is the people's choice,
> That they submit to autocratic power—
> A drastic medicine for a dire disease.
>
> *The Conqueror's Dream.*

This poem in blank verse is one of greatest interest and value. It is a story of a young warrior who forced his way to the highest position by his own personal effort, only to find when he attained it that he had gained it through bloodshed and violence, and that it gave him the task, from which he could by no means free himself, of ruling a people struggling madly with one another for wealth, who would submit to and reverence him only while he ruled them with iron hand, but if for a moment he relaxed his force or sought to surrender his task, would tear him in their hate and rage.

W. STAINTON MOSES, M.A., Oxon., in *Light*.

The Urgent Need of a restatement of Religion as formulated in the Dual Image, the Epic of Evolution, for the Unification of the Nations at large.

BY WILLAM SHARPE, M.D.

The "Arya" Office,
Madras, 3rd June, 1902.

Dear Sir,

I am very thankful to you for your kind favours. I shall be glad to utilise the contents of your letters for the "Arya." I hope you have since received the March and April numbers of the Journal.

One of your letters to me which I have published under the heading of "The Conversion of India" has attracted much attention in India, and is likely to work more deeply in course of time. The leading Anglo-Indian Journal of the Presidency, the "Madras Mail," has extracted it from the "Ayra," and has added to its value by giving sub-headings to catch the reader. The leading Hindoo daily paper, the "Hindoo," has also extracted it in full. also the "Mahomedan," while the "Madras Standard" has had an "Editorial" note on it. These are daily papers published in Madras. I send you "cuttings" by book post.

Yours sincerely,
T. A. SWAMINATHA AIYAR,
Editor of the "Arya."

WITH regard to orthodox Christianity as set forth by a majority of our clergy in our own country and by Missionaries abroad, it is every day losing ground. Up until the middle of last century it was very effective amongst all denominations of the reformed Church. It bore fairly good fruit in the evolution of noble and upright men. And indeed with us to a lesser extent it does so still: but the masses do not now believe in the Bible as they did heretofore, hence the falling away, and the great and urgent need for a new restatement of the Christian religion on a reasonable and scientific basis. This need many of our leading clergy see clearly, and consequently, whatever their particular sect or church may be, they no longer preach the

old orthodox doctrines. Their teaching now, however disguised or concealed so as not to offend their less advanced hearers, is on a more scientific basis; they set forth the Prophet of Judea as a great examplar of the life men ought to lead; but beyond this they do not go: it is the Christ within, that is the divine spirit in man, and not any vicarious Christ without, that they insist upon as needful to regeneration and salvation.

But whilst the term "Christ within" is plain and satisfactory enough to many persons, it is so mixed up in the minds of the majority with the vicarious Christ that it leads to much misunderstanding and confusion of ideas. But as stated, whilst the masses are falling away from orthodox Christianity, there is a continually increasing number of the more highly educated that are, as it were, forming a new Universal Church of much higher and altogether more reasonable Christianity than any form thereof we have had heretofore. They are, as it were, laying the basis of a Universal Church on advanced lines. These teachers accept the historical Jesus rather as a great prophet and exemplar than a God in the flesh. He is their great Ideal Man whom they are called upon to imitate in their daily lives.

Now this is a reasonable and firm ground to stand upon; for man's ascent has always been through the worship, that is, the contemplation and imitation of Ideals and of ideal excellence. And here is a nexus or common ground of agreement for both the East and the West. The inculcation of a high system of morality between man and man, a system based upon the laws of life and nature which cannot be broken by any with impunity, must form the basis of the only religion that can now survive in the world. This system when expanded and amplified by the ancient lore, philosophy and learning of the East will react beneficially upon your people; for it will be a restatement of your own religion as well as of Christianity.

But as regards the wholesale conversion of India that missionaries aim at to the old exploded orthodox forms of Christianity, with its hundreds of irreconcilable, not to say bitterly opposed sects, it would, looking at its present results all over Christendom, be most undesirable. It is therefore futile for these conflicting sectarian missionaries to be trying year after year to convert to their respective denominations a shrewd and intelligent people, which denominations and creeds being in their nature incredible and unreasonable the "intellect" of their own country has long since rejected.

The Ark,

A Female Sex Symbol.

As a striking reminder of the religions of old time, the Ark is still used as a female sex symbol in some Eastern pageants, and we have it in a modified form in the Pyx and Chalice of the Christian Churches, but whether as Pyx, Chalice or Sacred Cup, it is still used as a Symbol of Regeneration and new life, the outcome of evolution proceeding from the natural to the spiritual, through the instrumentality of woman in her sacred office of maternity. Hence it is

> That nature halts not with the fruitful earth
> But seeks her crown in perfect woman-hood,
> Her grand achievement and her end and aim
> In working ever through the aions past,
> Transmuting by her secret alchemy
> The fading rose into the perfect flower.
>
> *The Dual Image*, Book III., Chaldea.

[The sex-symbols cannot be lightly passed over. They form the subject of a very serious study. The present article from Dr. Sharpe gives force and additional interest to the other two of this series, which already have appeared in these pages. The quotations herein given from the *Dual Image* show how fully, yet concisely, Dr. Sharpe has dealt with the subject in that poem. In it there is an unveiling of the old, a pulling down of the useless, and a re-statement and building up of all that is good in the old on a universal basis. If poems are good and take, they outlive prose, which is put aside. They are always current, and so leaven thought. In this way poems do much in pulling down and building up. Milton's poems leavened the whole Protestant theology and established Satan on a pedestal second only to God.—T. A. SWAMINATHA AIYAR, Editor of the "Arya," Madras.]

A NEW RELIGION

For General Acceptance.

From "THE DUAL IMAGE," Book IX,
By WILLIAM SHARPE, M.D.

The Ancient Wisdom then of fables stript,
And so restated and unveiled that it
Became again a humanizing power,
With world-wide principles of brotherhood
And new ideals based upon the Christ—
The Christ within, a birth of righteousness,
The God incarnate in the human race—
The One in multiplicity expressed,
A perfected divine Humanity!
Then shall begin those times Millennial
When men shall be a "law" unto themselves,
Needing no codes, for graven on their hearts
The law of Truth and perfect Love is found,
When none unto his fellow man need say,
As it was prophecied, "Know the Lord,"
For all shall know him, having him within;
Needing no creeds nor priestly plans devised
For the placation of an "Angry God";
For anger is a human attribute
But has no place in God, the Infinite.

. . . . . .

It teaches man he is a part of all,
Linked with the whole in one united chain.

. . . . . .

Within his heart no vain nor selfish thoughts,
Nor stings of anger come to mar his peace,
Nor from without can guile of foes annoy,
Nor shafts of malice reach him, for encased
In perfect love he knows no enmity.

. . . . . .

The man himself, the Ego that defies
All strife and stress, being part of all that is
Biding its time undying and the same,
Secure from loss in "action" as in "rest,"
The changing phases of the Infinite,
Through cycles vast of mighty ebb and flow,
Repeated still through all Eternity!

X based upon the tools and teachings of Modern Spiritualism

Sorrow and suffering, redemptive in effect, notwithstanding the apparent contrariety of the emotions called up as regards the existence of Right and Wrong, of Good and Evil, as outwardly manifested.

" It was good for me to be afflicted that I might learn Thy ' law.' "—*Psalms.*

The following lines, revised and re-written, from " The Dual Image," deals with a difficult subject, namely, the conflicting and opposing emotions called up in the contemplation of " right," " wrong," " sorrow " and " suffering." It takes the case of the Jewish nation of old, who considered themselves pre-eminently a chosen people, as a standard type, but which can also, to a certain extent, with much force and truth, be applied also to the nations of Christendom in the past as in the present day.

THE OLD JEWISH NATION. ✕

Until the people groaned beneath the yoke
Of priestly tyranny, and grew besides
To be self-righteous and intolerant,
Swollen with pride, hateful, inveterate,
Vaunting their own superiority
As chosen people of the One True God,
Despising others in their ignorance
As outcast heathen whom they must not touch,
Becoming thus a race of fanatics
Which brought full soon destruction on themselves;
Their arrogance by sore abasement tried
Till they should learn that true nobility
Was only found with humbleness of heart.
For what is pride but ignorance displayed,
A phase thereof in most offensive form,
That spurns all others till it knows itself
And learns due meekness in abasement vile;
And with it comes the hate that men must glut
Unto the full, till sated, and they come
In course of time to hate their hatefulness.
This is the way, the only saving way.

✕ before the "dispersion"

Its basis, too, is founded upon "law."
Then let us not in haste or hate condemn
The fox and wolf for being what they are.
We, all of us, are undeveloped, too,
Else this unmeasured scorn would not arise,
Do what we will, unbidden in our hearts.
It pains us, and we would it were not so.
And yet it's in the heart of nature found,—
Found in her indignation for all " wrong "
To chasten the offending and unfit,—
The vile and fierce who would their kind devour.
But yet it is not vengeful chastisement,
But chastisement remedial in effect :
For pains acute redeem the sufferer
Once fierce and vile, and sorrow purifies
And melts the heart that hatred had inflamed.
So may we then endure such in the "flesh,"—
A needful thing until the need be passed,—
A means of education on this plane
Until translated to a higher sphere.

The Dual Image, Book V.

FROM " THE SOLDIER'S CEMETERY."

Cascades, when storm and drenching rains prevail,
In foaming torrents from the uplands rush,
Or fall abrupt with hoarse resounding din,
Their hollow thunder ever rolling on
With solemn swell and filling all the air
As though they sang eternal requiem,
For ever mourning by the tomb of youth,
In life's gay morn from love and beauty called.
In concert, too, from yew or evergreen,
The jetty whistler of the steep prolongs
Its strangely sad and melancholy strain,
So plaintive yet so careless and resigned,
As if withal, oblivious of the past,
It reck'd not now nor aught of sorrow knew,
Or knowing, only dimly feels the weight
Of pain and loneliness that once oppressed
And tinges still its querulous refrain
With haunting reminiscences of woe !

Some Factors to be noted in the restatement or rather Formulation of a New Religion for general acceptance.

By WILLIAM SHARPE, M.D.

Author of the " Conqueror's Dream," &c.

The Ancient Wisdom then of fables stript,
And so restated and unveiled that it
Became again a humanizing power,
With world-wide principles of brotherhood
And new ideals based upon the Christ—
The Christ within, a birth of righteousness,
The God incarnate in the human race—
The One in multiplicity expressed,
A perfected divine Humanity !

—The Dual Image.

From the most ancient times all the religions of the world, whilst having an underlying physical basis in common, had also their periodic restatements, accompanied, at times, with "revivals" or waves of intense religious excitement, generating always that degree of enthusiasm without which religion becomes ineffectual as a humanizing agency and must give place proportionally to a state of indifferent apathy always baneful to human progress. But the "law" of human evolution ever ensures that such a state must not be allowed to continue; for the laws of life also and the continued uplift of mankind demand that we must have an "enthusiasm," and if not deific, then demonific. So, as the result of the latter, all down the ages we have had wars, civil and national, in operation on a greater or less scale, until demonific impulsion having done its work of purgation gave place to the deific, giving human evolution a fresh start.

Hence it is that at the present time there is a general cry for a new religion so formulated that it may command a world-wide acceptance and keep alive that degree of enthusiasm without which there can be no real life,

and that this may the more surely be accomplished we may here note the utilization of one or two factors that have been most effectual in the general uplift of mankind.

Now we find that long before historic times music and a universal desire for ornamentation stood out prominently, having existed as an inborn instinct in man since our first Anthropoid ancestors crooned their inarticulate chants and took instinctively to uncouth ornamentation, much as birds sing from the very exuberance of life and instinctively or sub-mentally, as it were, acquire the ornamentation of plumage desired.

These being incontrovertible facts, we ought to have, at least, the elements of music taught in our schools, and especially military march music not only in parks, but in processional marches with gay uniforms worn in the ranks on all holiday occasions. So in this way we could bring the inspiring and uplifting effect of music within reach of the masses.

That astute organiser, General Booth, saw clearly the prime importance of military music when he adopted it for use in the Salvation Army; and other influential writers have long since tried, and are trying to show further how a similar plan may be made available as regards the general public.

And so, with music and ornamentation as mentioned above, there might be adopted, with the best results as regards evolution, in the physical improvement of the present and rising generations, such uniforms, and regalias as are now used by the brotherhood of certain Orders in their processions on all festive and gala days: ornamentation of person being in fact a prime instinct in humanity since the leaving off of its original hairy coating and emergence as man.

Indeed, with music and the drama, artistic dress played a very important part in Ancient Greece in the evolution of that high degree of physical perfection attained to by the people of that Classic Land—a beauty and perfection of form and feature that has been taken as their chief standard of excellence by all artists down the ages to the present day.

The Total Abstinence and the Drink Question.

Selected from "Wine and The Soma Drink" and "Alcohol, A Factor in Human Progress."

BY

WILLIAM SHARPE, M.D.

So came they then and occupied the land,
The Soma-pressing Aryans of Ind,
In those old days by mighty Indra led,
The Conqueror, subduer of the "fiends";
To whom with Agni and with Vata joined
They sacrificed and poured the Soma-drink
As they were wont in Soma-sacrifice:—
A sacrifice by men of old ordained
To represent the heavenly rite performed
By Agni as the Hotar of the Gods,
Who sacrificed unto themselves of yore,
That they might learn from sacred action thus
The pain and joy of manifested life.
Hence is it they, who drink the Soma, drink
Of Agni's essence as contained therein,
And drink the principle of life itself,
The beverage immortal of the Gods!
For all the Gods in Agni are contained,
The only God, the Self-existent One,
Who of his substance formed the Universe.
Which by the sacred Rita he maintains
And shall maintain through all eternity!

The Dual Image, Book IV.

To the old Aryans of India the fermented juice of the Soma-plant was pre-eminently the wine or water of life which opened for the time vistas of immortality to men in the flesh. They looked upon it as the grand source of their inspiration and illumination, containing, as it did, the substance of the God, Soma, the

The question of whether or not Aaron, when about to "enquire of the Lord" by Urim and Thummim, used to partake of what may be called a "ceremonial potion" was raised by the following obscure passage spelt out by the amethyst detector as follows :—

And with the tablets of Moses there was the golden cup of the enquiring . . the cup of wisdom known first in the temple of the Sun . . wherefrom Aaron did drink, going to the Lord, that which helped him to greater understanding. And with these two hundred emeralds of great excellence, the chair of grace, with Urim and Thummim, eighty coffers of gold and the archives of the Lord's chosen. All these came into the land of Heru [Egypt] after the death of him called Nemareth.

The above distinctly suggests that Aaron used some kind of beverage to produce a state of mind favourable to the reception of psychic impressions, but beyond this I can make nothing of the fragment.

Sir William Ramsay, describing his experience under a drug which he had taken for the sake of experiment, wrote :—

The main and impressive fact for me [when under the influence of the drug] was that *I* was self-existent, and that time and space were illusions. . . each time I am under the influence of an anæsthetic I am able to penetrate a little further into the unfathomable mystery. . .

eternal feminine, the Counterpart of Agni, the masculine who had descended into the plant, thus giving his body to be broken, crushed in the mortar, a sacrifice for men and gods. Hence with the Aryan Hindoos the Soma-drink was the great sacrificial liquor, drunk freely at all their religious festivals. It was the divine drink of Gods and men, partaken of in fellowship, bringing them into the equality of brotherhood; for the men exclaim—"We have drunk of the Soma, we have become immortal.—We have known the Gods. O! Soma thou hast descended into us and our intelligence is kindled and quickened by thee; disease has fled powerless, our days are lengthened!"

Along with being filled with this general enthusiasm it is moreover a singular fact, explain it how we will, that these old Aryans harboured but a poor opinion of the non-Soma-drinking people of India whom they regarded as an unprogressive and inferior race.

Now such a state of mental exaltation and the value thereof in promoting for the time being a feeling of social brotherhood on festive occasions, is not hard to understand, and lies in the fact that the ordinary prosaic level of human life in which the majority of men, if not entirely over grasping, are by no means inclined to be over liberal and open hearted which, in the way of prudence in worldly matters to prevent imposition, is not to be lost sight of through any misdirected sentiment.

Now as regards the use of Alcoholic Liquors, passing over their general importance and daily necessity as connected with the dietary of the middle and working classes, and their undoubted medicinal value in the treatment of disease, there is a still higher and more important aspect of their utility as regards mental development and the stimulation of thought and ideas and in the promotion of harmony and good fellowship in all social gatherings. In this latter phase it is to be particularly noted that the use of fermented liquors obtained from various plants and trees goes back to the dawn of civilisation. But passing over the significance of old Grecian lore, the use of wine is referred to alike in secular and sacred history. It was, as mentioned, the great inspiring eye-opener and sacrificial liquor of the more advanced peoples, but especially of the great Aryan and Semitic races. Hence, according to Jewish tradition, the vine was obtained from a stray plant from the Garden of Eden. *Smith's Bible Commentary*.

But with regard to mental development, we must get a clear view of those states of unusual cerebral and mental excitement which many persons, though in varying degrees, experience something of, rising, as they then do, mentally above the level of their ordinary everyday life and thought, the mind, as it were, transcending its usual circumscribed limits, sweeps intuitively into the veiled regions of universal "truth," in which all great conceptions arise and have risen in the past.

But overlooking the evils of habitual intoxication, it may be logically asserted from experience, that were it not for the harmony-promoting influence of alcoholic stimulants, and their inspiring effects on the mind, leading often times to that bold and sudden inspiration that has resulted in the formulation and projection of great undertakings and in the carrying out of vast works of general utility, the world would never have emerged from barbarism, and, taking the present status of mankind into consideration, were the use of Alcoholic liquors entirely done away with the nations would to a certainty tend to relapse into their original backward state.

But the chief danger in connection with the use of Alcohol as a stimulant lies in the facility with which it can be abused, and depends upon the fact that the continuous mental excitement therefrom would be highly injurious. Hence in the old days the free use of Alcoholic liquors were confined to religious festivals,—sometimes called "love feasts,"—to promote harmony and a kindly feeling of equality and brotherhood.

But it is an incontrovertible fact that men, through the ever-growing and persistent worship of Mammon, tend gradually to become harder and more exacting in their dealings. Men of the world, in fact, with little regard beyond themselves as to how the world may get along. Many even thinking they are serving God by their calculating prudence, abstinence and facial austerity practised till it became habitual. In a word, pharisees, with all the undesirable qualities of the sect exhibited now as in olden days.

Alas for their pious beliefs, church-going, prayers and professions. It is a question whether their salvation might not rather be ensured and their stony hearts made to overflow with some of the milk o' human kindness and brotherly feeling by getting as "full" as Tam O'Shanter, that fearless witch-outwitting wight, of whom the great hearted Poet-Seer of Scotland wrote the adventures, not without instruction for the discerning reader.

Eugenics and Evolution.

See how the crazy world now tugs amain,
And on its labouring axel groans and creakes
Despite the laws and pleas and recipes
Like grease applied the friction scream to drown.
—The Conqueror's Dream.

In the above lines is a concise yet sufficiently clear exposition of that untoward state of things which, all admit, are a serious blot upon our much vaunted civilization, and therefore are calling loudly for remedial measures. Hence the sudden and spasmodic appearance of a supposed new science named "Eugenics," a science not so named heretofore, but well known of old in Ancient Greece, where aided by the works of Grecian Artists it was instrumental in evolving a type of man, male and female, which, as regarded symmetry and beauty of form and feature, reached that degree of physical perfection beyond which it could not go; therefore it has been that all later Artists to the present day have gone back for their models and inspiration to the art standards of that Ancient Land.

Now in dealing with this subject as one of paramount importance I have in my writings both in prose and poetry tried to trace the gradual evolution of this highest type of physical man.

In Book one of "The Dual Image" are given the crude efforts of primeval man, due in the first place to dawning aspiration as "Reason" replaced "Instinct," that inborn perception so needful for the well being and continued existence of animal life, until in Book VII., dealing with Ancient Greece, is traced the culmination of Art itself and the essential part it has played in the evolution of the highest type of physical man, as mentioned above. But further also in the first book is intimated the future advent of what may be termed the super-physical man as marking a still higher—a combination stage, as it were, of human evolution both physical and spiritual as portrayed in the following lines:—

Hence too it is that with all sentient life
Man seems with God, the Infinite, ordained
To work alike, creating in his turn.
His thoughts and aspirations reaching out
Till plastic nature, bending to their power,
Gives out her wealth along her lines, enhanced
And modified according to his will;
But greater still, reacting on himself,
They filled his mind with glowing fantasy
And veiled percepts of something yet beyond,
Then vision came, and in the light he saw
What he had hoped now openly revealed;

And much beside—the inmost soul of things
And "beauty" as the crown of life itself,
Ineffable, transcending mortal form;
For robed in light, no longer fantasy,
Before his gaze the true Ideal stood,
Sublimely fair, beyond conception, clothed
In beauty and divinest symmetry.
—The Dual Image, Book I.

. . . . . .

The flower of Evolution and the end
For which the universe itself exists,
The crowning work through many æons wrought
To be the home of Spirit and a light
And centre of attraction still to draw
Humanity as round a central sun,
Compelling worship and evoking love
Till all attain unto the Mystery
Of Mysteries, the Image of the God,
Immortal Love made visible in form.
—The Dual Image, Book IV.

However, regarding Eugenics now formulated as a panacea for that untoward state of things under the head of "degeneracy" very heroic measures are being advanced, measures, to put it shortly that in some instances would have the effect of uprooting the wheat with the tares; that even might strike at the root of genius itself, if genius be not, as sometimes absurdly said, a capacity for taking pains. And moreover, the fact is overlooked that after much harm might be done in the eliminating of "degenerates" the class would certainly, under like circumstances be bred anew by the continued operation of the same social conditions that originated them, even despite the unceasing operation of nature at all times to weed out the "unfit" as they appear, and have appeared in the long upward march of Humanity in favour of the more fit and desirable, to the consequent rejection of all kinds of unfitness. In fact, as might be stated, the gradual replacing of "ugliness' by increasing degrees of comliness during the vast period of Human Evolution from the Simian type to the Ideal human standard—the grand aim that nature has ever had in view, i.e., the transformation of the Beast to Beauty in the human form divine, the *modus operandi* of which I have dealt with in all my writings; and chief of which is the kindling of a deific enthusiasm that acting from within, in the very exuberance of inate life, will lift mankind into a higher plane than hitherto reached, a plane—the crowning stage of human evolution alongside which no disease, weakness or degeneracy in any form can ever find a place.

WILLIAM SHARPE, M.D.

Intuition personified

The Total Abstinence and the Drink Question.

Selected from "Wine and The Soma Drink" and "Alcohol, A Factor in Human Progress."

BY

WILLIAM SHARPE, M.D.

So came they then and occupied the land,
The Soma-pressing Aryans of Ind,
In those old days by mighty Indra led,
The Conqueror, subduer of the "fiends";
To whom with Agni and with Vata joined
They sacrificed and poured the Soma-drink
As they were wont in Soma-sacrifice:—
A sacrifice by men of old ordained
To represent the heavenly rite performed
By Agni as the Hotar of the Gods,
Who sacrificed unto themselves of yore,
That they might learn from sacred action thus
The pain and joy of manifested life.
Hence is it they, who drink the Soma, drink
Of Agni's essence as contained therein,
And drink the principle of life itself,
The beverage immortal of the Gods!
For all the Gods in Agni are contained,
The only God, the Self-existent One,
Who of his substance formed the Universe.
Which by the sacred Rita he maintains
And shall maintain through all eternity!
The Dual Image, Book IV.

To the old Aryans of India the fermented juice of the Soma-plant was pre-eminently the wine or water of life which opened for the time vistas of immortality to men in the flesh. They looked upon it as the grand source of their inspiration and illumination, containing, as it did, the substance of the God, Soma, the

eternal feminine, the Counterpart of Agni, the masculine who had descended into the plant, thus giving his body to be broken, crushed in the mortar, a sacrifice for men and gods. Hence with the Aryan Hindoos the Soma-drink was the great sacrificial liquor, drunk freely at all their religious festivals. It was the divine drink of Gods and men, partaken of in fellowship, bringing them into the equality of brotherhood; for the men exclaim—"We have drunk of the Soma, we have become immortal.—We have known the Gods. O! Soma thou hast descended into us and our intelligence is kindled and quickened by thee; disease has fled powerless, our days are lengthened!"

Along with being filled with this general enthusiasm it is moreover a singular fact, explain it how we will, that these old Aryans harboured but a poor opinion of the non-Soma-drinking people of India whom they regarded as an unprogressive and inferior race.

Now such a state of mental exaltation and the value thereof in promoting for the time being a feeling of social brotherhood on festive occasions, is not hard to understand, and lies in the fact that the ordinary prosaic level of human life in which the majority of men, if not entirely over grasping, are by no means inclined to be over liberal and open hearted which, in the way of prudence in worldly matters to prevent imposition, is not to be lost sight of through any misdirected sentiment.

Now as regards the use of Alcoholic Liquors, passing over their general importance and daily necessity as connected with the dietary of the middle and working classes, and their undoubted medicinal value in the treatment of disease, there is a still higher and more important aspect of their utility as regards mental development and the stimulation of thought and ideas and in the promotion of harmony and good fellowship in all social gatherings. In this latter phase it is to be particularly noted that the use of fermented liquors obtained from various plants and trees goes back to the dawn of civilisation. But passing over the significance of old Grecian lore, the use of wine is referred to alike in secular and sacred history. It was, as mentioned, the great inspiring eye-opener and sacrificial liquor of the more advanced peoples, but especially of the great Aryan and Semitic races. Hence, according to Jewish tradition, the vine was obtained from a stray plant from the Garden of Eden.

But with regard to mental development, we must get a clear view of those states of unusual cerebral and mental excitement which many persons, though in varying degrees, experience something of, rising, as they then do, mentally above the level of their ordinary everyday life and thought, the mind, as it were, transcending its usual circumscribed limits, sweeps intuitively into the veiled regions of universal "truth," in which all great conceptions arise and have risen in the past.

But overlooking the evils of habitual intoxication, it may be logically asserted from experience, that were it not for the harmony-promoting influence of alcoholic stimulants, and their inspiring effects on the mind, leading often times to that bold and sudden inspiration that has resulted in the formulation and projection of great undertakings and in the carrying out of vast works of general utility, the world would never have emerged from barbarism, and, taking the present status of mankind into consideration, were the use of Alcoholic liquors entirely done away with the nations would to a certainty tend to relapse into their original backward state.

But the chief danger in connection with the use of Alcohol as a stimulant lies in the facility with which it can be abused, and depends upon the fact that the continuous mental excitement therefrom would be highly injurious. Hence in the old days the free use of Alcoholic liquors were confined to religious festivals,—sometimes called "love feasts,"—to promote harmony and a kindly feeling of equality and brotherhood.

But it is an incontrovertible fact that men, through the ever-growing and persistent worship of Mammon, tend gradually to become harder and more exacting in their dealings. Men of the world, in fact, with little regard beyond themselves as to how the world may get along. Many even thinking they are serving God by their calculating prudence, abstinence and facial austerity practised till it became habitual. In a word, pharisees, with all the undesirable qualities of the sect exhibited now as in olden days.

Alas for their pious beliefs, church-going, prayers and professions. It is a question whether their salvation might not rather be ensured and their stony hearts made to overflow with some of the milk o' human kindness and brotherly feeling by getting as "full" as Tam O'Shanter, that fearless witch-outwitting wight, of whom the great hearted Poet-Seer of Scotland wrote the adventures, not without instruction for the discerning reader.

Notes on books IV. of Humanity and the Man, *i.e.*, Man in the Aggregate and in the Individual.

The Ideal Man.

Upon the Mount of Humanity, the type to which Man Aspires, to be attained to in the coming "Super-Man."

The ridge of dotted hills on the Tableland represents the fossil remains of extinct animals of the vertebrate type as classified by Zoologists and Paleontologists, the way being marked out by such men as Cuvier, Agassiz and Richard Owen, followed by other eminent teachers.

THE FOSSILS.

Though entranced, they seem to live still on, waiting a call to active life once more, to which paleontologists as with the touch of a magic wand have called them, restoring them as they lived in their former surroundings. See "Restorations" in museums and prehistoric zoos.

THE ASTRAL WORLD.

Passing from the natural prehistoric world we come to the "Astral," to us the invisible counterpart of the natural world, which occupied the general attention of poets and writers of all classes from the earliest

ages. But passing here, according to Grecian lore, the peaceful retreats of the just and upright when on earth, we come to the region of the aboriginal Races with their surroundings, and on to the Dantean abodes of the wicked as portrayed in the Dragon or Serpent Order—creatures that engaged the attention of early man more than any other on account of the mysterious hypnotic power possessed by the whole Ophidian Order. Dante refers in the 25th Canto of the Inferno to human souls degraded, on account of their wickedness, to serpent form; and Milton, following Dante and the old myths, represents Satan as constrained for a time to the Dragon form.

But if, as generally granted, the natural world has its counterpart in the "Astral," then the descriptions given as to the abodes in that world,—the suffering souls there, may with equal truth be applied to the conditions of actual life as we find them in the natural world, where for centuries past such scenes may have been witnessed by any who cared to see for themselves. History records the horrors of old Bastiles, secret torture chambers and castle "dungeon-keeps" all over the Continent of Europe, which even still has its prisons full to overflowing.

So we need not go to the Astral realm or the pages of Dante's Inferno for the suffering of souls in such world, we see it on every side in our own, in our prisons, asylums, hospitals, retreats for idiots and abnormally or accidentally deformed. And further, even we have preserved in our Medical Museums, the hideous, bizarre and abortive efforts at embodiments —chimeras dire, too terrible for any sensitive person to at all look upon, the outcome of heterogeneous and incongruous evil influence which nature exterminates in the making.

In face of the above untoward state of mundane affairs, there is not much in Browning's oft quoted saying, still deemed oracular by prosperous people in times of peace:—

"God's in his heaven, all's right with the world." Looked into—but a common place platitude—don't bother, all is well. To which a cynic might reply with more show of truth:—"The Devil is in his hell here and now and its all wrong with the world." No! The great Infinite One having created the world for man, said unto him:—"Go forth, replenish and subdue it, *i.e.*, make it right by strenuous effort in a social, just and moral sense as between man and man." No! This multiple devil in the hearts, thoughts and evil passions of men must be fought with strenuously. As regards war this devil, now raging furiously, is being fought against by all sanely thinking people, amongst the leaders of whom Dr. Starr Jordan may be specially mentioned on account of his forcible lectures and writings, both in prose and verse in the cause of universal peace, which a general aspiration may in time bring about. *But the time is not yet. Mammon worship that spreads from individuals to nations must be greatly abated before any lasting peace can be at all established on a lasting basis*

WILLIAM SHARPE, M.D.

W.S.

The Queenly Emma Lynn.*

"A Caoine Song" of the Highland of Donegal.

Words and Melody by WILLIAM SHARPE, M.D.

LEAVE, leave her there, our beauteous child,
The queenly Emma Lynn;
There by the rose and bramble wild,
Away from a world of sin.
There, there leave her,
Our fair Emma—
Emma, Emma Lynn.

There on the hillside leave her,
Under a moss-green mound,
Where the genial sun may reach her,
And the violets spring around;
There nigh the purple heath and bracken,
Where the night-winds a requiem sing;
There, there leave her,
Our fair Emma—
Emma, Emma Lynn.

Under the green mound let her lie;
Her soul's not there, but lives elsewhere,
In a land where they never die;
There let her rest, in form more fair,
Nor grieve for our beauteous child,
The queenly Emma—
Emma, Emma Lynn.
There in her home ethereal leave her,
The queenly Emma Lynn.

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*THE LEGEND OF EMMA LYNN.

This lovely girl was said to be the only daughter of an Irish Chieftain of the old days in the North of Ireland. She was so exceedingly beautiful, and of so lovable a disposition, that she was not only idolised by her parents, but by all the peasantry around. Being a lover of nature she spent much of her time in the open-air, especially on the rugged hill-side that overlooked her father's castle. There she wandered day after day accompanied by her favourite stag-hound, and fittingly therefore, on this hill she was buried, as was the custom of the time, when her untimely death removed her from earth-life. A modern name is adopted in the song, which is supposed to give the burial chant or plaint—the CAOINE in Irish—of the parents and assembled mourners, but which applies equally to all those similarly bereaved, whether in the present or in the past, the subject being one that has appealed strongly at all times to the natural feelings of mankind.

I Woke Me a Song Bird Beautiful.

Words and Melody by WILLIAM SHARPE. M.D.

Weak, tired and weary, I laid me to rest,
And wistfully thought of the days that were past,
And I dreamt me a dream of the long, long ago—
A dream that I roamed in the woodlands wild
Exulting in youth with a jubilant song,
And the wings of a bright bird beautiful,
And the wings of a bright bird beautiful.

In the wane of life's evening I laid me down,
On my lowly last pillow I laid me to rest,
And longingly thought of the long, long ago,
When a maiden I roamed in the woodlands wild,
When a maiden I roamed in the woodlands wild.
Or young man
Then, strangely, I seemed on a journey alone,
In regions of light out of time and unknown;
In dreamlands I wandered forgetful of care—
In dreamlands elysian surpassingly fair,
Till I felt the strong beating of rising new life,
And I woke me a song-bird beautiful,
And I woke me a song-bird beautiful.

Sing away, sing away, in the sunshine bright,
Sing away, sing away, all the live long day,
Sing bird of the air, sing away, sing away,
Sing, bird of the air, sing away, sing away.

Sing away, sing away, in the sunshine bright,
Sing away, sing away, for the joy of life,
Sing, bird of the air, liberated and free,
Sing, bird of the air, sing away, sing away.

**A song of consolation for nature-loving elderly people of either sex, symbolised by the wings and song of a bird:—i.e., an exhilarating sense of boundless freedom and joy from a consciousness of the rejuvenescence and exuberance of undying innate life.*

Press Notices.

THE DUAL IMAGE.

The poem of "The Dual Image" is a beautiful allegory in blank verse, portraying evolution from the earliest ages. The author displays a familiarity with the myths of antiquity and reveals their symbolic meaning in lucid form and rythmical measure. The story is unfolded like a panorama from primitive man through Chaldea, India, Syria, Egypt, Greece and Rome down to Anglo-Saxon times.

The Harbinger of Light, Melbourne.

Dr. William Sharpe has issued a handsome revised edition of his powerful mystical poem "The Dual Image." It will be more and more widely appreciated as the profound meaning of its rythmic lines is impressing itself upon thoughtful readers. It possesses thought and beauty of no common order.

Boston Ideas, U.S.A.

In expression the most natural, and style the most chaste, he leads his readers into the *sanctum sanctorum* of Truths the most sublime. . . The grandeur of the theme is much heightened by rich poetic imagery.

The Arya, Madras.

In the epic before us, Dr. Sharpe portrays his lofty ideal of the divine scheme of Evolution. . . The work is characterised by breadth of thought, wealth of imagery, nobility of sentiment and facility of expression, while many passages may be found which seem to glow with poetic fire. The author traces the evolution of mankind down through the ages to the present time, and conveys many truthful lessons.

The Theosophist, Madras.

But it is in his poems that Dr. Sharpe most vividly expresses the vitality of his realisation of the Universal life. . . The two poems so closely connected and so deeply expressive, tell a world-story that embodies science, learning, and mystery with a grace power whose music lingers with the thought in composite completeness. It is a masterly treatment of earth's noblest theme.—*Boston Ideas, U.S.A.*

THE CONQUEROR'S DREAM AND OTHER POEMS.

Lofty sentiment and graceful diction characterise the work throughout . . . written in blank verse, the most elevated of all measures, and the most difficult to succeed in, since a correct ear, a delicate taste, and true poetical genius are essential to its perfect development. Dr. Sharpe has proven himself in a great degree a master of this effective but not easy method of versification. . . There are many truths conveyed in the reading of this poem, and the conclusions reached are those of a thoughtful and far-seeing mind . . . and will repay perusal.—*Daily Graphic,* New York.

Dr. Sharpe writes most musically. . . . We cannot refrain from quoting a final passage.—*Lloyd's Weekly News.*

The metres are good and musical, especially the blank verse. . . . The imagination displayed in the reproduction of Indian scenery is of a high order. But really the best thing in the book is the allegorical description . . on the loneliness of fame.—*The Graphic, London.*

The six poems comprised in the little book before us are marked with a loftiness of sentiment and a care of finish which should render them acceptable to the most cultivated taste.
Birmingham Daily Gazette.

The picture of bodily suffering so true to the life of men "with shrivelled faces and their hollow eyes" could have been written only by a physician who is a bard to boot.
Public Opinion, London.

CRITICISM ON HUMANITY AND THE MAN.

Dr. William Sharpe has in India and elsewhere had good opportunities of studying the various races of mankind, and he has used those opportunities well. . . . His one leading idea, which pervades all his works, is the ultimate perfectibility of human nature, and this he conveys to us in a beautiful allegorical poem, "Humanity and the Man," which in manner, matter and metre puts us more in mind of Milton than any other poet. The reader will find in it very many passages of great beauty, filled with poetic imagery, and affording much material for thought and serious reflection.—*The Late Marquis of Townsend.—Social Notes, London.*

The work is a masterly production, and one we can recommend to our readers with the greatest confidence.—*Hampshire Telegraph.*

Very expert in the management of blank verse.—*Lecky, Historian.*

"We have in this poem the work of a true poet. The ancient problem of good passing on to its consummation through the ordeal of evil, is evolved in pictures often of surpassing beauty: while the blank measure is purely rhythmic and full of clear tunefulness. The poet alone is the thinker, and Dr. Sharpe justifies his right to the robe of song by uttering thoughts that could only be revealed to the eye of genius."
—*Irish Congregational Magazine.*

A proposed title for a collected edition of one be called for

THE

EPIC OF EVOLUTION

A POEM IN TWO PARTS

By William Sharpe, M.D.

PART I.

Humanity and the Man:

i.e., Man in the Aggregate and Individual.

PART II.

The Dual Image:

i.e., The Image of God.

Expressed in Duality or Dual form as Man, Male and Female.

Note.—The volumes are now out of print for over a dozen years. but is not likely to be taken by publishers, though a message the world much yet will only learn under compulsion. W. S.

PREFACE.

"Humanity and the Man" in the first stages of man's evolution, deals with the absolute necessity of the expansion of Reason and the reasoning faculty under the teaching of the Male Genius of Intellect as a matter of prime importance to his entering later on upon a higher stage under the guidance of the Female Genius of Intuition. Yet there is no hard and fast dividing line; for both stages the intellectual and intuitional necessarily overlap each other. The two poems therefore portraying, as they do, the ascent of man through the worship of ideals and ideal excellence are but first and second parts of one poem, titled "The Epic of Evolution," both physical and spiritual: the subject matter of which, it may be noted, will be found much elucidated in the prose essays in the first editions published under the titles of "The Fall of Lucifer" and "Ideal Gods."

War, Peace and Soldier Life.

Reprinted from "Ideal Gods."

By WILLIAM SHARPE, M.D., Surgeon (Retired), British Army.

For in the measures needful for these wars
The training up of soldiers from dull hinds,
From awkward, ignorant uncultured lads
With shuffling gait, to men of stately tread—
Obedient, brave with courtesy combined,
And demigods to what they were before,
Each one made self reliant and a mate
For Beauty and by Beauty sought and claimed.

The Dual Image, Book IV.

That wars will one day cease upon our planet is certain; and when that time comes people will wonder how it was that war could ever have been tolerated; they will then hardly pause to ask, was war under any circumstances beneficial in its after effects, or was it less helpful to the higher evolution of man than peace under certain other conditions; they will not ask themselves might it not rather be nature's blood-letting to check a selfish people from deteriorating morally and physically through the malign influence of ever increasing corruption and venality which a long continued peace was found to foster under the old order of things.

But be this as it may, in this the opening of the new century, most men claiming to be at all civilized, condemn in strong terms the resort to arms under any circumstances; while even a few might be found who would rather be killed than kill, even in self-defence. Nevertheless, though these persons might not fight in their own defence, yet they are not therefore to be excused from all fighting on this account; for it would still be their duty to take up arms in defence of their weaker brethren and dependants, old and young, against a savage foe; to sit still and see them butchered would be an unpardonable crime.

But for this very limited class of persons there is a far more numerous class who, knowing that they themselves are quite safe from the attacks of foreign foes, which the Army and Navy of the country have secured for them and all, would have the world believe they are, humanely speaking, in advance of their fellows, using the while many platitudes as to the duty of loving one's enemies. But we would remark on this point that it is an easy thing to assume such love if one is aware that their enemy cannot injure them. However, it is very evident that war has still to be reckoned with, and this being so, we must go on with the training of soldiers. But Dame Nature, that never fails to turn evil to account in her work of human evolution, brings good even out of war. She has at times, as a lesser evil, found wars necessary to put down greater evils, and, in addition, she brings much good out of the military training of soldiers.

However, on the whole it is very evident that man has much further to travel on the road of evolution to pass the warring stage. He must get the budding wings of the Angel before he consents to lay down the sword of the fighter. Otherwise, in his present stage of development, with its mammon worship pervading all classes, a prolonged peace would, and has been found to be more detrimental to man's upward progress than war has ever been. Wealth indeed might increase and trade flourish, but the condition of the masses, judging from experience, would not be improved.

Let none therefore exclaim against soldiers and military men as a class, but honour them with all honour, for the world is much indebted to them in the past and may be in the future, for all those who have had some experience of military life know that, at least in the British and American Armies, the soldiers on the whole, both men and officers, are many of them amongst the best of men anywhere to be found—brave, courteous and kindly—much beyond what is ordinarily conceived of them, men who have elected to lay down their lives at the call of duty for the safety of their brethren and their country.

So is it nobler for the right to stand,
It being an instinct in the human heart,
Than yield to wrong and let the evil grow
And gather strength, led by false sentiment,
The empty babble of self-righteousness.

The Dual Image, Book VIII.

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